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MORAL LECTURES

ON

H E A D S.

By EDWARD BEETHAM.

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*CURIOUS and SERIOUS Things are mingled here:
And more is MEANT than seems to meet the Ear.*

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

Printed by T. ROBSON for the AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXX.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

1851



BY EDWARD REYNOLDS

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

Printed by J. R. R. & Co.

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MORAL LECTURES, &c.

WHEN we set ourselves to deliberate on the structure of the human head, how nicely the constituent parts are adjusted; and with what a curious texture the whole is compleated; we may justly wonder that we should have such flagrant and frequent instances of wrong-headedness among us. If a **COMIC LECTURE** on **HEADS**, by exhibiting the great variety of follies in a striking light, can contribute a mite to rectify these errors, I shall think my time and pains well bestowed. It is evident, indeed, that the more abandoned part of mankind do not owe their deviations from the line of rectitude so much to the weakness of their heads, as the badness of their hearts: but from whatever source these are derived; as modesty shews itself by blushes on the face, I shall exhibit this part of every delinquent, and I beg you, my auditors, to try if you can laugh them out of countenance.

HEAD of Captain WHIFFLE.

THIS is the **HEAD** of Captain **WHIFFLE**, who took care to save his Majesty's ship in the late battle between Admiral Rodney and the French fleet. He is a man of a peaceable temper, and never in his lifetime was fond of bloodshed: he takes a pleasure in preserving

L E C T U R E S

preserving his own life, and the lives of his men; and abhors a battle as much as any Quaker in all his Majesty's dominions. His friends had interest enough to obtain for him the command of a 74 gun ship; which he has hitherto preserved safe and sound, when others have been almost torn to pieces and blown out of the sea. You might see in the Gazette, that when there was nothing but carnage and devastation in many other ships, that his vessel was entirely safe, and not a drop of blood spilt, except what the Captain lost by a fall down the hatch-way, when he was running to save himself from a straggling shot, which fell some yards distant from his ship. When he received orders to bear down on the enemy, he bore away, and by this gained more glory than the rest of the officers, who suffered great damage, and gained no advantage, and were not fit to weather a storm in case of an hurricane arising. But Capt. Whiffle was fit for weathering the most violent storm after the battle, for there was not a single shot through his canvass, nor did a ball fall within two yards of his ship. This was all owing to his watchful care of his Majesty's ship, and his keeping at distance from danger. He always bore in remembrance that aphorism of Hudibras;

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again.

Captain Whiffle also kept in memory how expensive powder and ball is to the nation, and never could endure the thought of encreasing the taxes, by wasting
his

his ammunition. He considered that a penny saved is a penny gained; and that it is better to keep what one has, than throw it away at a venture. He can at this very day give a good account of all the ammunition in his ship, when others have spent a great part of theirs, and cannot tell what is become of it. By this means he can settle accounts with the Admiralty with regard to all things, except *eating* and *drinking*; in these articles he has been known to have been a little extravagant, because he takes pleasure in keeping the human tabernacle in repair, and gives for a reason, that it is unbecoming a Captain, who takes care of his Majesty's ship, not to take care of himself. He expects soon to be preferred to the rank of an Admiral, for his good conduct, in not running headlong into danger, at a time when the French were disposed to fight, and might have done much damage to one of his Majesty's third-rate men of war, by which the Admiralty would have been put to much expence, and been obliged to have laid out money which they knew otherwise to dispose of.

HEAD of Mr CONTRAST.

THIS HEAD, the Face of which is a compound of contradictions, is that of Mr CONTRAST. At his first setting out in life, he was as generous a fellow as ever breathed. His patrimonial estate was small; but he had a large soul. No man had ever a stronger inclination to be hospitable; he only wanted abilities equal to his desires. However, when he entertained his friends, he received them with such a genuine heartiness, that they warmly wished his income was three thousand instead of three hundred a-year; nay, some

some of them went so far as to wish an old niggardly uncle of his, who had promised to leave him all his fortune, decently deposited in his grave. Here and there, indeed, among those who flocked to his table upon the slightest invitation, a wretch was found mean enough to ridicule him behind his back, for living up to his income, without saving a shilling. A real friend having one day heard him very unfairly exposed, by a person whom he had distinguished by his liberality, could not help acquainting him with his name, that he might not confer any more favours on a man who had shewn himself so unworthy of them. Mr Contrast immediately made a reply, which sufficiently proved that his sentiments were superior to his circumstances. "I have full as much pleasure, said he, in being generous, as he can possibly have in being ungrateful." Struck with that answer, the friend who heard it took care to have it communicated to him, who had, by his ingratitude and indiscretion given rise to it;—and he was so much ashamed of his behaviour, that he never met with Mr Contrast afterwards, but he discovered confusion in his face. His pride would not suffer him to make any apology for his unjust ridicule; but he was prudent enough not to repeat his injurious raileries, when he found he had lessened himself in the eyes of the most respectable part of his acquaintance. Had Mr Contrast, like a thousand generous fellows, indulged his generosity at the expence of his honour; had he contracted large debts, without giving himself any trouble about the payment of them,—there had been reason for exposing his liberality; but he looked upon the man, who paid no regard to justice, as one who could not, without the greatest impropriety

ety, be complimented for his honour. For many reasons, he could not help wishing frequently that he was in a more roomy situation; but his wishes were not very painful to him, till he began to feel the tender passion striving in his breast; his wishes then became tormenting. Having missed his way one summer evening, while he was riding down to his uncle's house, he found himself benighted in a place extremely perplexing, as he did not know to which of the paths before him he should turn his horse's head. After waiting for some time, tortured with uncertainty, a whistling Rustic made his appearance, and administered to him a cheering cordial, by offering, in a very hospitable manner, to give him a night's lodging in his cottage. Such an offer, at such a juncture, was too seasonable to be refused.—Being heartily tired with the journey of the day he slept soundly, though he was but poorly accommodated. A few minutes after he waked in the morning, his ears were regaled in a manner that astonished him:—The sweetest female voice warbled the most melodious notes: He was quite delighted with them, and half mad to see the bewitching songstress. Not being able to be a mere listener long, with patience, he quitted his apartment, in order to gratify his curiosity, which grew insupportable. He was informed by the honest Rustic's wife, that the young gentlewoman he had heard singing, was the daughter of a strange lady, not many miles off, who had turned her out of doors, because she would not marry a rich old man she did not like; and only allowed her just enough to live as they did: and, that she was the best humoured young gentlewoman she ever set her eyes on. Mr Contrast
listened

listened with greedy attention to this intelligence, and when it was finished he begged to see the lady. He was told that he would see her soon, as breakfast was almost ready. When the lady appeared, her personal charms, rather heightened than diminished by the simplicity of her dress, captivated him to such a degree, that he was lost in admiration. He breakfasted, he dined, he supped, at the cottage: In short, he was prevented from pursuing his journey to his Uncle's, by those powerful attractions. The young lady's whole carriage was so very discreet, and he enjoyed so much pleasure in her society that he became desperately enamoured of her; nor did he think of quitting a spot, to which his heart was so firmly rivetted, till he accidentally saw in the morning, in the gazetteer, that his uncle died two days before the publication of it. He started at the sight of so unexpected a paragraph, as if he had felt an electrical shock. After a short interview with the dulcinea of his affections, he took his leave of her, assuring her in the strongest terms, that he would return to solicit the possession of her hand, if his uncle's will was as favourable to him as he imagined it would be; adding that he would have pressed her to make him the happiest of men before, had he not thought that his fortune was unequal to her merit. With these words he departed. On his arrival at his uncle's house his expectations were fully answered. He had left him near twenty thousand pounds, and a very genteel landed estate. With such a desirable acquisition Mr Contrast was so highly elated, that he could hardly keep his joy within decent bounds. He wrote a letter immediately to the lady at the cottage, and in that letter solemnly promised to
make

make her his wife, as soon as he had settled the business in which his uncle's death had engaged him.—— However, before that business was entirely settled, he became quite a new man, and as miserable a man as ever lived. The acquisition which he fondly imagined would have completed his felicity, was indeed the cause of his wretchedness. Avarice took possession of his soul: all his generous emotions were extinguished by that contemptible passion. He ceased to be liberal, and hardly allowed himself the necessaries of life. His acquaintance and friends were forsaken by him, nor did he feel the slightest pang of remorse for his vilest actions. No longer did he remember what he had often said, with regard to honour and honesty. By his many extortions to encrease his wealth, he shewed how little his actions were influenced by the former or the latter. A severe master, and a grinding landlord: he was abhorred by all who were in any shape dependent on him; and nobody ever mentioned his name, without joining the most reproachful epithets to it. His unfortunate acquisition proved fatal to him. In less than two years, by constantly wishing with a racking anxiety to be richer, and by his excessive penuriousness, he so much injured both his body and his mind, that he hastened his dissolution. He died an object of horror, universally unlamented.

Hence let mortals learn to be content with moderate acquirements, and not ardently wish for immense riches; which hurry the mind frequently into a bad channel of thinking, and lead the best natural dispositions into pernicious errors.

HEAD of Mr PUZZLE.

This whimsical HEAD is that of Mr PUZZLE.— He possesses about three hundred a-year in the funds, which he spends to the last farthing by the end of the year, and takes care not to run one farthing in debt. In this particular, he may be similar to some few; but in every other respect there is scarce another being on earth that resembles him. Indeed the sole object of his attention is to deviate in every thing from all the world. His dress is studiously unfashionable: You may always trace an antiquated mode in the cut of his coat and the cock of his hat. He wears a bob wig, because every body now has them clubbed, or their own hair. His shoes are square-toed, his stockings yellow, and his breeches come not below his knees. His bed is in his dining-room, and he receives his company in his bed-chamber. He was a staunch Butite while Wilkes was popular; but now, since he has lost part of his popularity, he is a strenuous Wilkite. He never goes out in fine weather, but when it rains plentifully, and is constantly upon the tramp till it becomes fair. He eats beef-steaks for breakfast, and drinks coffee for dinner. He goes to bed at five in the afternoon, and rises at three in the morning. He never has his face compleatly shaved. At one time his upper lip bespeaks him a Jew, at another, his chin announces him a Mussulman. He drinks wine to his meals, and porter to his pipe. He prefers mutton to venison; and a red herring to turbot. In conversation, he never agrees with any man, and if his opponent should at length agree with him, he then takes the opposite side of the question, to re-confute him. His chief food consists of herbs in winter, and high dishes

in summer. Being at a coffee-house taken for another person a few days ago, he asked the gentleman who made the mistake, 'If there was any in London like himself?' and being told there was, he immediately went home, and changed his dress from top to toe; then returned, and asked the gentleman 'If any one resembled him now?' 'No; really, Sir, that's impossible.' This answer restored him to his former tranquility of mind.—After this description, it were needless to say that Mr Puzzle is a batchelor. Let it not, however, be supposed, that he is not susceptible of any impression from the fair sex. Indeed his amours are confined to fish women, for the fragrance of their odour; and to cinder women, for the delicacy of their complexions. I defy all the poets and commentators in Europe to produce a greater oddity than Mr Puzzle. Some of my hearers may think him a mere creature of my brain; but for their satisfaction, let them repair to Brown's coffee-house, between the hours of 12 and 3, in Mitre-court, Fleet-street, and there they will see the real Puzzle.

Either commend him, or else mend him.

HEAD of Mr HARD FRONT.

Here is a HEAD, which has impudence in every lineament and every feature. To what class of men do you think it belongs? Would it not cut a fine figure at the bar? It is the HEAD of Mr HARD-FRONT, a Templar. He is a native of Ireland, and blessed with the intrepidity of his country, is not easily put out of countenance. You see he is not disagreeable to look at, and I assure you he is not wanting in address; so that he is in general

neral esteem among the ladies, but so intolerably vain of his figure, and so confident of his abilities, that no woman can receive his visits without injuring her character, in an essential point,—as he reports he is admitted to the most intimate familiarities, by every female with whom he converses. He is one of those men that kills with a glance, and lies with every woman (if you believe him) that ever he has changed a word with. But he was once justly reprimanded by a spirited lass, for making free with her name and character. Having heard that he had reported concerning her, as he had concerning all others of her sex, she took an opportunity to tax him with his scandalous behaviour, and very pathetically to remonstrate on the cruelty and disingenuity of aspersing the character of a virtuous woman, to gratify his own pride and vanity. Instead of making a decent apology for so palpable a breach of honour, he rather seemed to sneer at the remonstrance, insomuch that the heroine, justly incensed at the indignity offered her, snatched her brother's sword, which hung up in the room, out of its scabbard, and threatened immediately to sheathe it in his traiterous breast, unless, on his knees, he confessed his crime, supplicated her pardon, and promised never to pollute her name with his unhallowed lips. Paddy, concerned for a life, so precious—to himself, at least—if not to the world, with trembling knees and faltering accent, made full and frank confession, begged for mercy, promised acquiescence in every tittle, and took himself down without counting the stairs.

I sincerely wish that every scoundrel of the like kind, might be treated in the like manner, so that
others

others might be deterred from sacrificing a virtuous character to their insolence and vanity.

HEAD of a YOUNG HEIR.

This is a young HEIR just come to his ESTATE, which is very considerable. During his residence at College, he was placed under the discipline of a very severe Tutor, till, about twelve months ago, he received the joyful news of his father's death, which was as agreeable a surprise to young Mr Hairbrain, as a father's proposing a brisk young fellow as a match for a buxom lass of twenty, who longs for a husband. He was no sooner equipped in fable, than he burst out of the college gates, with as much alacrity as a debtor out of the barricaded door of a gloomy gaol, after he had been released by a compassionate creditor or a merciful act of insolvency. Having repaired to the antient mansion-house, and performed his last duty to his father, he set out with longing desires of enjoying the various pleasures and delights of London, that motley spot of vice and virtue; and at the recommendation of a friend, furnished elegant chambers in the Inner Temple. Thus seated in the centre of iniquity, he procured a number of acquaintance among the experienced debauchees, and made so rapid a progress in the school of vice, that he soon became a libertine, without reflection; and raked on, without reprehension from his own conscience, or from other people. Resolved to deny himself no kind of liberty which could in any degree conduce to gratify his sanguine and juvenile desires, he abandoned his study for the company and conversation of frothy fops and rattling coxcombs, and devoted the principal part of his
time

time to whoring, drinking, and gaming—exercises so essential to the character of a man of taste and humour. He soon became a dupe to the jilts of the town; and before he acquired sense and experience to avoid the bubbles of a whore, he was reduced to the necessity of being a bubble to the doctor, and very chearfully paid more for his punishment than for the unfortunate rapture which enjoined him to so severe a penance. His time is principally engrossed in amorous dalliance with ladies of easy virtue and complying disposition. If he has any to spare it is sported among rakes like himself, and sometimes, with spungers, flatterers, and parasites, who live upon the prodigal, and will stick by him till they have reduced him to a level with themselves. His Irish fencing master is one of his greatest favourites, having imposed upon his credulity a belief of a number of romantic duels and fictitious rencounters, insomuch that he thinks him a very knight in valour; but all this bouncing is only to work young coxcombs into an opinion of his courage which never extends beyond a harmless thrust with a foil, or a sham push at a pimp or waiter. As he esteems gaming a very honourable employment, being the fashionable pastime that prevails at court, he values its professors, and takes those very men into his bosom, who are making daily depredations on his estate. In short, his life is one scene of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, of every kind and degree; so that for want of discretion in his early years, it is highly probable he will exhaust his substance, reduce himself to beggary, and die a wretched and melancholy example of the dire effects of a vicious and abandoned disposition.

H E A D of Mr G R I P E A L L.

Who, in the name of antiquity, is this compact piece of formality, who seems to have studied to render himself singular; and would attract the notice of every body, by being like no-body, among the modern set of mortals?—It is Mr GRIPEALL; a wretch as sordid, as formal, as rich, as dishonest, as you need wish to see any man: He cheats without danger, and robs with impunity: He is one of those locusts of society called Usurers, who prey on the weak, the necessitous, and the extravagant, living upon the distresses of mankind, and enriching themselves by impoverishing others. You may see by his looks he is waiting for some heir under age, or some necessitous tradesman, who is about to sacrifice his property to the extortion of this mercenary and insatiable bloodhound, for the sake of concealing his present circumstances from the world. As you will, no doubt, be disgusted with the appearance of a wretch, not only so useless, but so prejudicial to society, I will direct your observations to another object.

H E A D of Signior C A S T R A T I.

This meagre figure, who often views his pretty smock-face features in a pocket-glass, is Signior CASTRATI, and is one of those mortals who is deprived of the grand essence of manhood, in order to qualify him for the amusement of the delicate and polite part of mankind, in the vocal way. He is descended from obscure parents in Italy: being bred to music, the chief study and pursuit of the inhabitants of that
part

part of the world, he came over to England, to try his talents; where, having succeeded to his utmost wishes, he cuts what may be called a fine figure. He has made the tour of Great-Britain and Ireland; and such is the depravity of the reigning taste, that this apology for a man, through the charm of sound, has as many admirers as the first actors, and particularly among the female world, by which he has been almost deified. You may wonder as you please at his universal reception among the Ladies, as his excellence in one point cannot make up for his deficiency in another; but you will wonder now, when I inform you, that this piece of neutrality, neither male nor female, has charmed into the married state a very fine woman, with a considerable fortune. These mutilated fellows are objects of choice to some wanton lascivious persons, because they are adapted to gratify the inordinate craving of those rank beldams, as they can keep the field in one regular series of action, and never decline the encounter till they have the word of command. They are also extremely convenient for those precise Ladies of such extraordinary mock-modesty, who are mightily concerned for their virtuous reputation; as they can indulge their little wanton fallies, without running the danger of any disagreeable consequences.----As some may imagine that these reflections rather border on obscenity, I shall leave off here, and conclude this first part of my Lecture with a piece of poetry, composed by a silly genius, who never reached the suburbs of Parnassus.

Foolish pursuits when in true colours drawn,
Are garbs so bad, that few the garbs will own.
My worthy Friends, apply just what you please;
As you may take or leave, at your own ease.

P A R T

P A R T II.

I HAVING confined myself in the first part of my Lecture, to those who are or ought to be of the masculine gender ; I shall in the succeeding parts present you with miscellaneous characters, jumbled one after another, as they rushed into my brain, when I attempted to compile a piece for the entertainment of friends. Domestic jars, or family dissensions, are so very predominant at present, and at the same time are attended by such fatal consequences, that I shall now endeavour to shew them in their natural deformity, in order to deter my worthy auditors from engaging in them. In order to do this, I shall introduce a small family among you, as remarkable for perpetual discord as any within the bills of mortality.

HEADS of Mr Mrs and Miss GODWIN.

This is the **HEAD** of Mr GODWIN, the father; an eminent tradesman ; who, by dint of industry, has acquired a considerable fortune, but unhappily married, when rather advanced in life, a young Flirt, who you see *here* ; whose only recommendation was a beautiful person, and with which he was so captivated, as for some time to allow her the absolute disposal of his property, together with the management of a favourite daughter ; who, by that means, had imbibed the principles, the pernicious principles of the

mother.

mother. *This* sprightly Miss is at the age of fifteen : being in the hey-day of life, no little restraint is requisite to keep her within the bounds of common decorum ; which is the more difficult, as she has had an example of levity and indiscretion before her. A year ago the young lady had gone through the common modes of education ; had a smattering of French ; but was a proficient in dancing, to which she had particularly attended, from an opinion that it was the most ornamental qualification she could possibly acquire. She was so devoted to the *beau monde*, Mr. Godwin dreading the consequences which might rise from such an infatuated attachment, took an opportunity at first of mildly reproving her ; which being wholly ineffectual, he found it necessary to impose his commands, that she would abandon several of her usual places of resort, as she had neither years nor experience sufficient to guard her against the temptations to which the gaiety of what is called polite life, exposed her. As she was encouraged and abetted by the mother, in the unrestrained pursuit of her wanton inclinations, she treated the remonstrances of her father with a degree of petulance, insomuch that the old Gentleman, justly incensed at her disobedience, as well as concerned for the honour of his family, ordered her to be confined to her room the very evening on which she was to have been present at one of those fashionable assemblies, held at a celebrated place near Soho. This restraint, laid upon a daughter, whose turn for levity and gay circles of admirers had greatly fed the vanity of a libertine mother, proved the source of much future discontent in the family, and gave rise to a conversation which I am about to relate :

“ I am

“ I am surprised, Mr Goodwin, that you do not mind your clerks and your warehouse, and not concern yourself about the trifles of women: Sure one may go in and out when one pleases, without your fronting and looking as black as twelve o'clock at night: You may be ashamed of yourself to lock up that lovely creature, just when she was going to add a grace to your family, by being noticed by some of the first persons in the nation.” “ Lord, mamma,” says Miss, “ what signifies your speaking: I cannot think what is come to my papa of late: He: he used to be pleased to see one like the rest of the world, and to buy me every thing that came up before Alderman Pickle's daughter appeared in it, but of late he frowns and looks so queer every time we order a coach, unless it be to go to church as if we were to live all our lives like mopes, without either seeing or being seen, in the polite world.” Mr Godwin, frowning at his wife, said, “ I have winked too long, Madam, at your unbecoming liberties, and the imprudent, nay, dangerous indulgences you have allowed your forward daughter; but you may depend on it, I am roused from my former inactive state, and that I will take such measures as are necessary to secure my property, however my honour may be in danger.” Mrs Godwin began again with, “ Liberties! ha! ha! ha! what do you mean by liberties, good Sir? Do I take more liberties than any other woman of taste and spirit? I give you your way, and have a right to take my own; and as to your property, let me tell you, that if you deny me what is necessary to keep up the appearance I have been used to, I shall take such measures, that you shall sorely repent your niggardly behaviour,

haviour, to the day of your death. As to the girl, she's a woman of spirit, and I wo'nt suffer her to be check'd and curb'd upon every trifling occasion." Mr Godwin glow'd with rage and cry'd "What! do you threaten me, madam? They may well say, Evil communication corrupt good manners. You have caught the contagion, the epidemical disorder of the west part of the town. You would retaliate the necessary restraint laid on your luxury and shameful gratifications at the expence of your own honour, and that of your family. But know, ungrateful, disingenuous woman, I banish you from my affections; and as I now think you base enough to violate the most sacred ties, I am prepared to meet the greatest injury you can do me." Miss now put in her word, "Indeed, Sir, I think my mamma's in the right. I assure you, if I was married to-morrow, to a man who wou'd not allow me the liberties which women of taste and figure have a right to expect, I shou'd no longer consider him as a husband, but think I had a right to do as several ladies of the first rank and fashion have done before me; nay, Lady Harriet Hairbrain told me I had." "Hush, child," cries Mrs Godwin "you go too far; you must not mind all Lady Harriet says. Because she has acted that part, she would willingly draw in others, in order to keep herself in countenance; besides, if your disposition was known, it might hinder you from a good match; and a woman of sense will always affect virtue beforehand, whether she has it or not."—"Truce, madam," retorted he on Mrs Goodwin, "with your witty remarks, and you, Miss, with your impertinence." "What I said I'll say again," replied the termagent of a wife
"and

“and stand to it when I have done, for all your mighty passion; for I would have you to know, I am as great an advocate for personal, as you are for national liberty.” “You would then,” says the irritated husband, “confound the order of things, and counteract all laws, human and divine, which allow precedence to the husband, and inculcate obedience on the part of the wife.” “Whatever precedence, as you call it, cries Madam, you may pretend to, or any of your sex, I am determined (and with all women would follow my example) to stand up for the right of my own. Before you get us into your power, you cringe, you fawn, and lick our feet; you call us angels, and pay us adoration, as if divine; but, when possessed, the scale’s turned, and then the smooth-tongue’d lover becomes an hectoring bully; and the language is, Madam, I *will* have it so,—my word shall be law,—I shall take proper methods,—and a deal of such fulsome stuff;—tho’ all this, and more, will have no effect on me, for I would sooner come to a separation, which would afford me an opportunity of forming a connection which might make me happy, than spend my days with a surly, or covetous husband, who lays a bar on the desires of a woman of fashion and spirit, and would shut her up from the dear enjoyment of gay life, and the enchanting circle of the *beau monde*.” “This language, and these sentiments, my polite Madam, returned Mr Godwin, are the fruits of your constant attendance on routs, balls, and masquerades, and other *pious* assemblies amongst your *beau monde*, as they term it, which you have designed, I suppose, a nursery for your daughter, where she has been taught and instructed in the arts of dissimulation

lation and coquetry; so that I shall be very concise with you on this head. I fear you are gone too far in the fashionable vices of a luxurious age, to be reclaimed, and therefore give you up to the pursuit of your unconquerable passions; but, as a father, I claim an indisputable right to the superintendence of the conduct of my child; and from this day shall take her under my immediate inspection and guidance." Madam said she was going to pay a visit to Lady Fanny Frolick, before dinner, would take his resolutions into consideration, and give him an answer when she was at leisure." The accomplished lady now bounced out of the room, desiring her promising daughter to follow her; but Miss was detained by her father, who insisted on his claim of directing every measure of her future conduct. In the fulness of his heart, Mr Godwin thus exclaimed: "Accursed proof of the almost irresistible power of bad example, which in this profligate age, can even sanctify vice and consecrate a crime; for so hardened are the abandoned great, and so dead to all remorse, that, thinking their rank places them above the cognizance of the little world, they dare bid defiance to law, spurn at justice, and impiously violate the very injunctions they have been the means of laying upon others. But this proves the old maxim, that law makers are most frequently the law breakers."

Allow me now to give you some observations relative to what I have been about:—It would certainly redound much to the honour and interest of mankind, if persons would confine themselves to their proper sphere of life, and not ambitiously aspire at what neither nature nor fortune could design for them. But,
above

all, nothing is so truly despicable as an implicit and servile imitation of the vices and follies of others, because they are more affluent, or more dignified than ourselves. Our nobility are the contemptible apes of the French, in all their fopperies and superfluities; and the trading part of our nation as despicably mimic the fooleries of the great: forgetting that it is beneath the dignity of a reasonable being to be a slave to custom, which is the law of fools alone.

H E A D of a FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF
PHYSICIANS.

What means this haughty imperious look think you? — Oh! — this HEAD belongs to a Fellow of the College of Physicians. It is a natural enquiry, what extraordinary privileges the members of this society enjoy over those who have not the fortune, not to say, the *honour*, of belonging to them? and the answer is, none of any consequence to themselves, or benefit to the public; they consist rather in usurpation and form than in reality or utility. They reserve to themselves a right of licensing persons, under the college seal to practise in or within seven miles of the metropolis, and arrogate a right to punish all practitioners, who shall deviate from their prescribed modes and forms, though such methods should effect what their wisdom could never accomplish. — They have likewise authority to examine the medicines used in all apothecaries shops, and to pry into the goodness of drugs and compounds of all kinds, whether they understand them or not. They have an unlimited power to pile, bolus, lotion, potion, &c. all persons, of all ages, and in all cases, and to demand fee and reward, as
well

well as the privilege of never having their judgment called in question, whether they kill or cure.—— They have been known to prosecute and arraign, before the truly worshipful bench of Tyewigs, several able practitioners, for proceeding on a course which they pronounced was not according to the rules of the college;—as if it was a greater crime to cure out of the common method, than to kill in it;—so that in those prosecutions, they evidently charged others for doing that good, which they either wanted will or ability to perform, and proved their own folly, in calling in question the capacity of others.——Libertinism has now the sanction of the great, which induces all ranks to follow its dictates. To this may be ascribed a great number of those diseases which subject us to the physical faculty, and render our lives in imminent danger.

When Innocence and Temperance bore sway,
Mankind were not to Quacks and Fools a prey;
Vices and crimes have brought Physicians in,
And we are justly punish'd for our sin.

P A R T III.

THIS HEAD with which I begin the third part of my Lecture, is pitiless and friendless: it has the most melancholy prospects, both behind and before. Misconduct has brought it into this dilemma. The owner of it may thank himself for it. It is the Head of Mr HEARTFREE. The father of our present hero dying

dying in his minority, having been an industrious tradesman, bequeathed him a moderate fortune; which, together with an annuity settled on his mother, was the produce of many years toil and care. On the death of his father, Mr Heartfree being freed from that necessary restraint under which he laid him, imitating the example of this forward, or rather forward age, commenced the *Man*, affected the *Gentleman*, had his occasional bag and sword, and whipped from the little spruce tit, into the easy *degajee* blade of the garden, with the expedition and adroitness of an harlequin. This airy course soon exhausted his stated finances, and compelled him to apply to his mother, whose affection induced her to gratify him, till she had considerably impaired her own circumstances. That method of supply being at an end, he had recourse to the cent. per cent. gentry, who furnished him from time to time upon their moderate terms; insomuch that when he came to age, two-thirds of his fortune was sunk in paying the debt he had contracted during his minority. He revelled at large, and frequented all assemblies of bucks and bloods, entered the list of choice spirits, and, among other places of fashion, became a constant attendant on the hazard-table. In a short time the knowing ones stripped him of the remainder of his money; and now behold him the most miserable of mortals! You may see, by his looks, that he is ruminating for a supply of cash, or meditating by what dire instrument of death he shall put a period to a wretched life. Perhaps, in a fit of despair, he is resolving to risque his neck on the king's highway, or set his life on the perilous hazard of a forge-

ry.—To such straits do intemperance, excess, and gaming lead mankind! There is not so fluctuating a state of life as that of a man of play; his condition is subject to as many changes as the wind, or the will of a capricious, fantastical female. Sometimes, elated with an amazing run of luck, he shines in all the gaiety of dress, and revels in all the luxuries of life: at another, depressed by his ill stars, which divert everything from the right channel, he has scarce a coat to his back, or a penny in his pocket. Indeed this class of men are much tricked, bubbled, and disappointed by dame Fortune, and if they have the least shadow of reflection remaining, they must at times endure much severe mortification. As they bring nothing into the world, they generally go out of it as poor as they came into it. But stay,—you will say I preach: why, you know this is a *comic* Lecture; and, pray ye, what is more comical than for such a person as me to interfere with the sacerdotal function.

HEAD of Mr SOOT, the CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:

Who is *this*? The devil!—No such thing—it is only Mr SOOT, the *Chimney-Sweeper*:—He is a good merry fellow; and, whenever you meet him, you are sure of finding him engaged in singing a song, with great propriety, every verse of which concludes thus, —*There are sweepers in high life, as well as in low.*—He can prove, that, like the devil, he is not so black as he is represented; and, further, that in point of morality, he is preferable to the greatest part of mankind, who, generally, put the *best* side outermost, while his *worst* side is exposed to public view; and, that in-
stead

stead of resembling the hypocrites of society, who may be deemed public nuisances, he is of general advantage to the people, by removing nuisances from the public. But as his Head may be disagreeable to those of squeamish appetites, I shall remove it out of the way, to make room for the

HEAD of Mr WHIM.

He is a man of great parts, full of vivacity, has a most tenacious memory, and is most indefatigably studious: He studies 16 hours every day: He never sits down to meals without a book open by his plate.— At prayers, in the chapel, he reads the first lesson in Hebrew, the second in Greek, and the liturgy in French. He affects to despise whatever is common, and therefore he hates his native language. He drinks tea out of a wine-glass, and wine out of a tea-cup. He has a fire in summer, but cannot bear the sight of it in winter. His room is open in the night, and shut up in the day time. He excludes the light of the sun, and reads with a candle. He understands the Eastern languages, besides the classics, French and German; English he has almost forgotten. He never suffers the intrusion of any body, while he is at his studies, and therefore his room is not swept, nor his bed made above twice a week; the place is sacred to Apollo and to himself: it is lined, all round, with sheets of paper, full of notes, criticisms, verbals, &c. all his own, numerically digested. He thought he was the greatest student that ever lived, till he read an account of an Arabic physician, who used to

study

study constantly nineteen or twenty hours every day. This chagrined him prodigiously. He first ordered his bed not to be made at all, that he might learn the art of studying constantly, without sleeping; but not succeeding according to his wishes, he had his bed carried away; Even that would not do: The spirit was willing, but the somnolent flesh was weak. He sat up all night, but then he was apt to fall asleep;—yet he read, he composed, he disputed, he reflected in his sleep; but when he awaked, behold it was a dream. He rushed out in an evening like Don Quixotte in quest of adventures. Every female, whether old or young, ugly or handsome, rich or poor, whom he meets with, is sure of being saluted with an eastern kiss; so you may see by his looks he has almost studied himself blind; so that all kind of game is alike to him. A servant maid was one evening standing in the inside of a coffee-house, looking through a glass door, when he immediately rushed through the the glass door, thinking her to be on the outside, and demolishing the bridge of his nose and part of the glass.—He has been known to embrace the mop with all the raptures of a fond lover. When he is in company, he will sit absent, muttering over a heap of Arabic, or in a Ciceronian attitude declaiming with all the vehemence of eloquence; but when he is in a mood and tense for it, he is a chearful, agreeable, facetious companion. He will sing, dance, tell stories, and utter witticisms, by heaps. I must add, that he is of a most generous disposition, tender feeling, and quick sensibility. He owns he has natural infirmities, but his philosophy corrects them. Such a character, free from moral turpitude

surpitude, is in my opinion far superior to the man of the world, who often, *Nimus, notus omnibus, ignotus sibi moritur*.—Who dies to others too much known—
A stranger to himself alone.

HEAD of a MACARONI.

Heyday! What have we got here! Ho! It is the HEAD of Mr NON-INTELLECT, a macaroni. Authors differ much concerning the derivation of the word *Macaroni*; but they all agree in this, that the termination is certainly derived from the Greek *Onos*, which signifies an *Ass*. I subscribe to this opinion entirely, and think it not very difficult to find out the propriety of this etymology. You know that an ass has a large, unmeaning stupidly looking head;---so has a macaroni. Here the characteristics of consanguinity are very strongly marked: an ass's head is generally nothing but hide and bone; so is a macaroni's. It resembles a skull with two bull's eyes inserted in the sockets, and it is not unlike a large turnip in colour and appearance, with a man's face cut in it, and a candle in the inside. An ass has large ears, so has a macaroni. I dare say you know that every animal thinks his own voice vastly musical; and therefore observe how bountiful Nature has been to the ass, in giving it such exquisite auditory faculties, that it may the better hear, listen to, and admire his sweet enchanting voice. The macaroni is indebted to Nature for the same profuse gifts. A macaroni has a great aversion to every kind of lining, both of its coat and of its head. Its head is like a poet's garret, very badly furnished; but then the outside is

so finely ornamented, so nicely plaistered and white-washed, that it makes ample amends for the inside. The macaroni will bluster, bully, bray, and frighten cowardly people, just as the ass terrified the wild beasts, when it went a hunting with the lion. But if you have a mind to chastise its insolence, only apply a good cudgel to its back, and the poor thing is as patient and as humble as you please. The macaroni under our present consideration would have made a very good tarrier or ferret. He would keep close within doors, when the wind was pretty high, lest it should carry him away. I cannot put him in the neuter gender, because his wife bore him five fine children. His meagre looks were probably the effects of religious abstinence, for he was a Roman Catholic. I fancy he had the sign of the cross, as much as ever any ass had it on his shoulders. Macaronies walk just as if they were treading upon eggs, and to appear vastly consequential, they carry a cane like a bailiff's staff. In order to avoid the ridiculous appellation of *nobody*, they are determined to be *all-body*, and therefore they have no skirts to their coat. The life of a macaroni is a perfect vacuum. His words are all wind, his actions are all flash, his thoughts (if he has any) are all phantasms. He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he walks, he talks, it is true, but in a manner totally different from all mankind; yet the poor thing is very harmless. He would make a good ladies lap-dog, would cut a pretty ridiculous figure on a chimney-piece between two urns, or in some nick, by way of a bust. But they are all exceedingly calculated for those ladies, who are particularly fond of monkeys. They

They are pretty things to play with. A feller of wild beasts might carry them away to increase his collection; and you might see them exposed for shew at fairs, among the other late inhabitants of the forest. Some rustic would be likely to carry them into the country, as pretty dolls for his daughters to play with. I could say a great deal more on the subject, but I will not weary your patience. This I will add, that if their macaroni stupidities do not endeavour to reform, I will have another slap at them. I shall always be ready with my correcting whip, to drive such noxious vermin away, from the society of mankind.

HEAD of a COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

This HEAD, my dear auditors, is that of a country gentleman. When his father died, he was a young merchant; but finding himself possessed of a much larger fortune than he expected, he got rid of his commercial connections as soon as he could, bought an estate in the North of England, and commenced a country gentleman, a character, indeed, in which he could not possibly shine; for, having been brought up from his infancy within the sound of Bow-bell, and never seen a field above five five miles from London, he was too compleat a cockney to make a fine figure in rural life, particularly in a country remarkable for the keenness of its inhabitants. A country gentleman however he would be, and plunged himself into an extensive farm, without considering how deficient he was in the knowledge of agriculture, and how little he was qualified to manage the land which he had purchased. When he had rusticated himself about two years and an half, he discovered, by a succession of disappointments

ments that if he proceeded to be his own farmer, he would soon bury all the money he had in the funds in cultivation of his acres. He, therefore, urged by necessity, condescended to a neighbouring bred farmer, who had before offered to improve his estate for him, Mr Trimmer, the regular bred farmer, rejoiced that application was made to him, at last, by a man from whose ignorance in rural affairs he had hoped no small emolument, gave him a great deal of good advice upon the occasion, and added, that if he would let him have the management of his estate for one year, he would double his income. Struck with this declaration, and thoroughly weary with looking after his land himself, he immediately gave Mr Trimmer full power to do every thing he thought necessary for the improvement of his estate. When he had made Trimmer his agent extraordinary and plenipotentiary, he felt as if he had thrown a heavy load off his shoulders, and gave himself up to the amusements of the field---amusements which were not at all agreeable to his taste, but, as a country gentleman, he deemed it incumbent on him to partake of the various pleasures which engaged his sportive friends. To those friends he frequently afforded, in his own person, an infinite deal of entertainment, by the awkward situations into which he frequently threw himself, in order to make his company desirable. He was indeed, on many occasions, a very desirable companion; and in a shooting or hunting party, generally distinguished himself in a manner peculiarly laughable. He was a bad horseman, and handled a fowling-piece, when it was charged, as if he was afraid of its contents; but he always attended

attended his brethren of the covey or chase apparently in high spirits, because he would not give them any reason to question his courage or address. His efforts, however, to appear clever and courageous, were commonly unsuccessful; for the more he strove to conceal his timidity and awkwardness, the more glaringly were they conspicuous. He met with disappointments and disgraces enough to have convinced him, had he been blest with a tolerable understanding, that he was the most improper fellow in England to cut a figure in a sportive country. At last, however, having lost two of his fingers, by the bursting of his piece, while pointing it at a partridge, he gave up his gun; and having, not long afterwards, broke his leg, by a violent fall from his horse, in pursuit of a fox, he determined never to trust himself upon a four-footed animal again. By the unskilfulness of a bungling surgeon, his leg was set so clumsily, that he could not bear the sight of it: he, therefore, as he always prided himself upon his supporters, ordered it to be new set. The surgeon proceeding with still less dexterity, put him to so much pain, that he was thrown into a fever, and cutting off the ill mangled limb was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life. Though he was considerably mortified by these losses, and though he often wished very sincerely for his leg and two fingers, yet he received no small consolation from the visits of a married lady, whose husband's estate joined his. This lady was extremely handsome, and our country gentleman was not insensible of her charms: he thought her a very fine woman, and having an exceeding good opinion of his own personal attractions, (notwithstanding

the mutilations to which he had submitted) he flattered himself, from her behaviour to him, that he was by no means an object of indifference in her eyes. He actually began to imagine that she preferred him to her husband; that she was desperately in love with him; and that she would, if vigorously addressed by him, make a slight deviation from the narrow path of conjugal virtue in his favour. Animated by these conjectures, he attacked her like a man of gallantry, conscious of his own powers, and drew the most pleasing conclusion from her carriage to him. In short, he was so highly transported, in a few days after the first disclosure of his amorous sentiments, on her promising to give him a private interview at Farmer Trimmer's, that he was almost delirious with joy.— He found the lady ready to receive him at the appointed hour. When the door of the room fixed upon for their interview had been shut a few minutes, he was prodigiously alarmed by the appearance of her husband, who, advancing to him with hasty strides, asked him with much ferocity in his countenance, what he meant by attempting to corrupt his wife?— The country gentleman was in so tremulous a situation, that he could not immediately articulate an answer; he could only stammer out, I—I—I.— The husband told him he had two proposals to make to him.— You must either fight me, said he, or forfeit your estate.— Sir—Sir—Sir, was all our hero had to say. *No alternative*, by my honour, cried the other; I will have your estate or your life. He was now in a more embarrassing situation than he had ever felt himself, since his appearance in the character of a country

country gentleman. He had no inclination to part with his estate, nor was he at all disposed to fight.— He wished to have a little time to deliberate on so important an affair; but the husband thundered his *No alternative* so loudly in his ears, that he at last determined to pluck up all his courage, and meet his antagonist in battle array. “I am ready; said he, in a spirited tone, to meet you any where, and in any manner.” “Oh, mighty well, Sir; then follow me directly.”

He followed his incensed adversary to the bottom of a field belonging to Mr Trimmer, with sensations more easy to be conceived than expressed. His enemy whistled, and Trimmer approached with a pair of pistols. At the sight of the pistols our gentleman turned pale; and the nearer the farmer came to him was less inclined to decide the dispute by gunpowder. He gave up his estate as foolishly as King John did his crown, and the farmer was a witness to the cessation of it. When he returned home, he reflected coolly upon what he had done, he was ready to tear himself in pieces for his folly; and recollection sharpened the anguish of his mind, by inducing him strongly to believe, that he had very weakly deprived himself of his estate, by falling into the snare of those who had combined their heads against him. The next day he was thoroughly convinced that he had been egregiously duped by their united machinations. While he was one day considering with much disquietude and many self reproaches, in what manner he should regulate his future conduct, he was visited by an old gentleman, an eminent and respectable merchant, with whom

whom he had transactions before he retired from business. This old gentleman had strongly urged him to continue the tract of life in which he had been brought up, but to no purpose. Our fond adventurer was alarmed at the sight of a friend, whose salutary admonitions he had disregarded; but soon recovering himself he told him he was truly glad to see him, acquainted him with the strange follies he had committed during his residence in the country, and implored his assistance, as well as advice. This merchant, having reproved him in the most free but friendly terms, for having lost so much time and wasted so much money, by the misapplication of his talents, and the indulgence of his vanity, thus proceeded: "You have nothing to do but to remove from this part of the country as soon as you can, for you are no match for your neighbours. You have already made yourself contemptible by your wrong-headedness, and you will be reduced to beggary, if you stay here any longer. If you please to return with me to London, I will put you in a way to be a man of real consequence." He made his most grateful acknowledgment for his kind advice, gladly closed with his generous proposal, and promised that he would endeavour to forget that he had been a country gentleman.

The moral which I would inculcate from hence, is that it is the height of folly to attempt undertaking employments, for which we are not fitted by Nature or education, and that men appear to the greatest disadvantage by misapplying their talents and mis-spending their time.

HEAD

H E A D of a COLLEGE LIBERTINE.

This is the HEAD of the Rev. SIMON SAINT-LESS. He was always from his infancy designed for the church, and therefore had a college education bestowed upon him; but he displayed a disposition for every species of libertinism that a college life could possibly comprehend. Excessively fond of his bottle, he seldom retired sober to rest. The itch of play was strong upon him; and if he was more circumscribed, with regard to the ladies, it was not owing to any deficiency of passion for them, but the want of opportunities to gratify it in its greatest latitude. His irregularities would have procured his expulsion, had he not been much befriended by a near relation, who had great influence in the university, and who interceded in his behalf. As soon as he left the college, he was, in despite of his stars, and natural propensity, compelled to take orders, a small living being all the provision that could possibly be made for him; and it was his misfortune, that this living was very near the metropolis. Hence he had an opportunity of residing constantly in London, and partaking of all the dissipation and debauchery of that corrupt capital. Notwithstanding his gown, he threw off all reserve, and was a buck of the first head. He could beat a watchman or bully a constable, with any Templar in King's Bench walks. He was tall and athletic, and he united to his natural strength the art and mystery of boxing, which he learned from a celebrated bruiser; so that he was armed at all points for making a very respectable figure upon the town; and he frequently wore the badges of the art in a pair of

of black eyes, even in the pulpit. As he advanced towards the meridian of life, these juvenile freaks in some measure subsided; but if he was less conspicuous in a brothel, he was far more celebrated at the gaming table. In this pursuit he frequently got into scrapes, and a bloody face, which from the number of protuberant carbuncles, was a customary index of his ill fortune. Bacchus has now great influence over Mr Simon Saintless; not long since, after a gambling debauch over night, he was obliged to preach on a Sunday, when he fell asleep in the midst of his sermon, whilst the congregation were keeping him company in a snore. The clerk pulled him by the sleeve, and waked him; when, rubbing his eyes, he bawled out, "what's trumps?"

I cannot finish his character, without adding that he is a very zealous patriot, and that he is more busy in propagating his political than his religious creed: he preaches liberty in every ale-house in town, and would even now exert the arm of flesh for Wilkes and 45; yet the Lecturer dare venture to pronounce, that he will never get a bishopric; he has too many glaring vices, and too few latent virtues.

HEAD of Mr TOBY TUNBELL.

This monster-like HEAD is that of Mr TOBY TUNBELL.—He was remarkably fond of a good dinner, and was much in love with a young lady, by whom he was by no means beloved. In order to release herself from his troublesome and disagreeable addresses, she contrived a stratagem, which effectually answered her purpose. She invited him, among some other select persons, to a feast. She ordered her ser-

wants to have dinner ready against such an hour, and proposed a walk to Mr Tunbelly, and her other guests; but Mr Tunbelly objected to that, on account of the fatigue it would be to him, that it might disorder his stomach, which he declared was in excellent order. As to taking an airing on the river, he was not averse to that; as he fancied, now and then a glass of wine and bitters would strengthen his appetite. The rest complied with this, and the lady regaled those worthy disciples of Epicurus with a compounded cordial, made like ginger-bread nuts: Mr Tunbelly refused eating any at first; fearing, he said, they would damp his appetite; but the lady telling him, they were an excellent stomachic, a noble restorative, an excellent carminative, and that there was a particular ingredient in them, which was an enemy to every thing that cloy'd the stomach, he was prevailed to beguile the time with the appetite-creating cordial, which he did very plentifully, every now and then diluting with a glass of wine and bitters. This cordial, you must know, teemed with a jest,—the lady giving the rest of the company the nuts they eat, out of a different pocket, than that out of which she regaled the well-larded gentleman. Presently Mr Tunbelly had emptied the lady's pocket of the stomachic gingerbread, declaring it was the best he had ever tasted. When they were returned to the place of general rendezvous, and our champion came within sight of the table, which was by this time prepared ready for the guests, he said he believed he should make a very hearty dinner, though, by the by, he had eat a large quantity of excellent ginger-bread nuts.—

Soon

L E C T U R E S

Soon the feast was ushered in, and the humorous lady guessing that it would not be long before the mine sprung, took care to have the corpulent gentleman as far from her as she could, to avoid the explosion. The company being all seated, each helped himself to what he chose. Our ginger-bread eater laboured curiously to bring down a pyramid of turbot he had raised upon his plate, at every other mouthful drinking a small glass of wine, saying, by that means he would be able to eat as much again. Having accomplished the destruction of the first plateful, he had again heaped it to its former size, and by a vigorous attack again threatened its downfall; but now the gingerbread began to operate, and before he had destroyed a quarter of the plateful, he began to make strange faces, and twined his body about, as if he sat upon something that made him uneasy: at length a noise was heard to issue from his bowels, like the sound of distant thunder, and he immediately starting from his chair, with great haste left the room, his flight being so precipitate, that by his hasty rising he overthrew one of his next neighbours, who, endeavouring to save himself, pulled down a large bason of oyster sauce that stood before him, which, first falling upon his face, from thence formed a rivulet, down a crimson satin waistcoat he had on. By the time that the unfortunate gentleman had wiped himself, Mr Tunbelly was returned, and having asked pardon of the company in general for his abrupt departure, and the gentleman in particular, whom he had thrown down, for the damage done to him, again sat down, declaring he was never taken so in all his life. A clean plate being brought

him, he again filled it with turbot, and having drank two glasses of wine, began to give evident tokens of a perfect recovery; but by the time he had devoured half of it, his countenance began to wax pale, and the contortions of his body declared he sat very uneasy. Presently the rumbling noise of his bowels alarmed the company, and seemed to be the signal for a second flight; upon which the gentlemen who sat on each side of him, moved as far from him as they could, lest in his retreat he should again overturn one of them; however he yet continued in his chair, frowning and eating. After drinking a glass of wine, the noise in his bowels encreased, but yet he was loath to leave the feast, though he had laid down his knife and fork, and sat grinning horridly, with his hands on each knee as if he had really been in an action not decent to be mentioned; but fearing that worse would ensue, he angrily rose from his chair, and once more hastened out of the room, cursing, and wondering as he went, what could be the matter with him. This second unwilling departure, caused much mirth in the company, and gave rise to many jokes, at the expence of the ill-fated champion. It was not long before he returned, and fixing his eyes on the lady, swore he believed she had given him a dose of physic in the gingerbread, and declared, with a stern countenance, if it was so, he would resent it severely. She told him he had no reason to attribute his disorder to the nuts she had given him, as herself and the other gentlemen then present, had eat of them and found no such effects. Upon this the company were unanimous in opinion that it must be owing to something else he had eat in the morning. Mr Tunbelly vowed he had re-

frained from eating any thing that morning, on account of the feast. Every one then concluded the turbot did not agree with him, and he began himself to imagine that was the cause, therefore determined to try something else, and he again sitting down, filled a plate with ham and fowl, seeming determined to make up the time and loss he had suffered by the turbot, by those dishes. The quick dispatch he made with the legs and wings of a fowl and a slice of ham, now assured the company he was again restored to health and vigor, and they congratulated him on his recovery. Mr Tunbelly said it was surprising that turbot, which was a dish he was extremely fond of, should serve him so now particularly, and that he believed he should be able to make a tolerable dinner: But he had scarce devoured two-thirds of the ham and fowl he had helped himself to, till he very gravely laid down his knife and fork, and with a mixture of sorrow and anger, protested, he found the disorder was coming on him again. In a few minutes the former convulsions of his face returned, which caused much mirth in the company, though they endeavoured to conceal it as much as possible. He was now advised to drink a glass of wine made hot, which he did: again seizing his knife and fork; but while he was dissecting a fowl, the hot wine, like a basin of water gruel, aiding the phlegm that was lodged in the ginger-bread, caused such a ferment within him, that he seemed at a loss to tell which way it would operate upon him. Sometimes it appeared as if he had a fit of the cholic, by and by, as if he had taken a vomit; and just as two fine haunches of venison appeared smoaking before him, he was forced from his chair, and cursing his guts, speeded down stairs

stairs. This third retreat surprized the company much, though they did not seem to be very sorry, it being observed, he could very well afford to lose what he did. The unhappy eater of the appetite-creating nuts being returned, he again vented his rage against the ginger-bread, swearing nothing else could have affected him so; but it was determined by the company that could not possibly be the cause. He said he knew not how it was, but he was sure he had taken physic that day, and a strong dose too. Sitting down again, he swore he would not leave the room again till he had fully dined; and though he had been forced from the turbot, and the ham and fowls, yet nothing should make him leave the venison, while he had power to force a piece down. Thus resolved, he fell most voraciously upon the haunches of venison, depriving them of full two pounds, at least, which with currant jelly, and other sauce, he began to send down, to keep peace in his corporation, and for a considerable time it was concluded the venison would prevent any further disturbance; but before a quarter had been dispatched, to keep the rebellious powers in awe, an alarm was begun, and the noise of contention was heard again to rumble from within the globose belly of our afflicted hero, and in a few minutes the noise increasing, declared the battle raged with great violence, but true to the cause, he scorned to be subdued: A gentleman now recommended a glass of brandy to Mr Tunbelly, which he approved, and then fell to again, being determined to weather the storm, and the extraordinary motions of his body declared he was strongly summoned to depart the room again; but soon the brandy, instead of putting an
end

end to the intestine broil, made it ten times worse; and just as he was opening his mouth to receive a slice of venison, not larger than a moderate sized mutton-chop, the gingerbread proved victorious, and drove fish, flesh, and other auxiliaries out of the field of battle, which lay scattered in great disorder over the dishes and table, and endangered the eyes of the opposite gentlemen; nor was this all, for during this disaster, another party had forced open the sally port, and sought refuge in the breeches of the persevering hero. The company now rose in great confusion, and a quantity of snuff was destroyed, those taking it now, who perhaps never took any before. By some oblique hints, the gluttonous lover understood that the lady had really jilted him, and that the nuts she gave him were productive of this terrible scene. In short, he vow'd an everlasting hatred to her, and went home some pounds lighter than usual from a feast.

HEADS of Mr VIZARD and CLARINDA.

This head, in nicest trim, with eyes that express an amorous gallantry, is the HEAD of Mr VIZARD; and this, whose eyes display the lustre of the diamond; whose skin exceeds the lilly and the rose, and whose features are elegant, majestic, and divine, is that of a young lady, named CLARINDA. They were both born to ample fortunes, and neighbours to one another. Vizard took all opportunities of being in Clarinda's company. Her father encouraged his visits, as he wished for an alliance with Vizard's family; and, though at first they were disagreeable to Clarinda, the frequency of them, and the intreaties

of her father, to accept him as a lover, rendered them by degrees agreeable, especially as at every meeting he expressed his passion with great tenderness and fervency. She believed him a man of virtue, as he vowed his soul was enraptured with an honourable love. He swore so frequently to the sincerity of his intentions, that the beautiful fair was at length persuaded to believe, without reciprocal love on her side he would be wretched. She resolved to encourage his address, partly in obedience to her father, and partly out of gratitude, arising from his promises of love and friendship. A consideration of these things prompted her to give him every assurance of her regard and esteem. Innocent freedoms, with a mixture of the most tender and delicate expressions, passed between them at every meeting. But Oh!—one luckless hour, he found the fair innocent seated in a shady grove, belonging to her father's garden, in a moment when her mind was fitted to give and receive the soul-dissolving bliss of love! What a pity that there are in life such loose unguarded minutes, when tenderness melts down the soul, and leaves the breast too open to deceivers: Such was the time, when, softly stealing to the grove, Vizard found her there; and as she sat reclined, he pressed the charmer's hand, kissed it with ardency, and begged, with love-beguiling tears, she would fix the day to make him happy. She was greatly affected with the earnestness of his solicitations; he saw her soften,—kissed her blushing cheek,—pressed her heaving breast, and called it the golden minute of his life. Such fondness at this time, had an improper effect upon her; and he, vulture like, seized the unguarded opportunity, and robbed the fair

fair-one of her virtue. Alas! poor Innocent: No sooner were they parted but the thought of what had passed gave her soul distraction. Hard was the task to conceal her distress of mind from the family; but shame and prudence, for a time, prevented a discovery. She reflected on his oaths of love, sincerity, and constancy; and hoped she would have it in her power to secure the deceiver, and win him to fulfil them. For a time their meetings were as frequent and as affectionate as ever; and though her heart abhorred the thought of indiscretion, it still seemed the likeliest means of securing him and her future happiness. She tenderly pressed him to marry her, for fear of approaching shame, and reasoned with him on the consequences of what had passed. He had always some excuse for the present; yet she fondly hoped, as her charms had first engaged his love, they would still have power to secure it. False, flattering hope! He soon was fully satiated with the luscious banquet, and went but seldom to her: At length a cold indifference came, and she beheld the wretch no more. Judge her distraction, when she found him false. She hop'd, she sigh'd, she fear'd, and found her fears too true: Vizard was paying his addresses to another. On the news of this, Clarinda underwent the most agonizing torture the mind is capable of sustaining. Her Father perceiving her distress of soul, pressed her to know the cause, and that so tenderly, that she disclosed the whole affair to him, without the least reserve; for her heart was a stranger to hypocrisy and deceit.

This is the HEAD of that good old man her FATHER, racked with inward commotions on the account of his daughter's distresses. Tho' greatly shocked,

shocked, he did not reproach her ; well knowing such things are useless when they come too late ; especially as he reflected that it was his request she first encouraged the perjured Vizard. He considered what step was best to be taken ; but before he came to any conclusion, he received the news of Vizard's marriage with another. Her father was greatly surpris'd ; but judge the shock it gave the tender-hearted Clarinda, whose spirits were already too much depressed, to hope she could long survive this fatal period. What was now the situation of her breast ! Oh ! would these perjur'd false ones reflect on the inexpressible misery they cause in the minds of the fair-ones, who yield to faithless vows their virgin innocence, they never could renounce the charming creatures. What a pitch of baseness is it, to soothe the fond, believing maid, with tender tales of love, and watch the unguarded minute, to rob her of every thing that is dear and sacred to her. What infamy to debauch a young innocent under the specious pretences of love and honour ! How mean, ungenerous, and unjust, thus to treat the tender females, sent as companions in the cares of life ! The unhappy Clarinda was sunk into a melancholy, from which the intreaties of her friends were not able to extricate her. The affair soon became public through the malevolence of party curiosity ; but every one condemned the perjured Vizard : every one pitied the injured Clarinda.

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